

A Tradition of Pride

by Always Angel

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Chapter 1

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Summary: Harry's 17th birthday is approaching, and soon he will come into his inheritance. He will transform and see his mate, but is his mate someone he thinks he can trust? Draco has come into his inheritance, and the Veela blood in his veins flares around one person... the one person he can never have.

A Tradition of Pride- Prologue

It was raining outside, but the occupants of the room paid it no mind. There were other, more important, matters to worry about.

"He deserves to know what will happen, Albus," Severus Snape said, glaring at the man with twinkling eyes.

"He has so much on his plate. I don't want to add to it."

"Albus, think! Do you honestly think that Harry would appreciate it if you didn't tell him? He's going to transform and think he's a freak!" Severus exclaimed, slamming his fist on the desk.

"Severus—"

"Albus, I may not like the boy, but I wouldn't do this to him! Good God, if you don't tell him, I will!"

"Severus, I forbid you to tell him!"

"I usually listen to you, but not on this! How do you think Lily would feel if she knew you were leaving her son all alone in this and not telling him what to expect? She's probably turning over in her grave as we speak!"

Albus stared at him; Severus had a point, but he would not tell the boy. He was already dealing with too much as it was. It wouldn't hurt the boy not to know that he was part-elf.

"Severus, be that as it may, he doesn't really need to know."

"So you want to leave the boy to think he's more of a freak than he already thinks?"

"What do you mean? He doesn't think he's a freak!"

"You weren't the one giving him Occlumency lessons; I know what he was thinking. Those damn Muggles have him thinking he's a freak! How dare you try to put him through his transformation alone!" Severus yelled, pacing back and forth angrily.

"Is this because of Lil—"

"Don't even bring that up! I was her mate! She chose a man she didn't really love because she cared what other people thought! How dare you bring her up like that!"

"I've seen the way you look at Harry sometimes, like you wish he could've been yours. The hate you feel for him is because of what his father took from you. I see—"

"Albus, enough! I will tell the boy, and you can't stop me," Severus whispered.

Harry should've been his child. If James had not picked on Lily for liking him, he would have been with her. Lil shouldn't have cared what James thought, but it seemed she had cared more about what other people had thought of her. She pushed him out of her life, told him she couldn't be with him.

It hurt like hell, and his hatred for James grew. He didn't hate *Harry*; he hated that Harry wasn't his. Harry should've been...

"Severus, if you must tell him, then do it. But, you have to explain to him how it used to be with you and his mother. I know you don't want to tarnish the picture he has of her, but that is my only condition," Albus said, his eyes dimmer than they had been.

"Fine! I will tell him about how his mother left me because she thought more of other people than the love we had!" Severus shouted, thinking bitterly of the fiery redhead he had loved.

He had thought she had been better than that. She was strong enough to bear the criticism of her house. He still couldn't believe she had chosen them over him. He had been her *mate*. She should've stood up to them. She should've... done anything but left him.

"Severus... I know this will be hard for you, but you have to do it."

"I know, but that doesn't make it any easier to bear. I loved her... still do.

"Why would she do that? Why were they more important than me? She was everything to me... after she left I lost it. You know she's the reason I joined Lord Voldemort.

"I never believed I was better than her, but I hated her for what she had done to me, hated James because he had taken her from me. There was nothing I could do.

"Do you know what it feels like when your mate leaves you? Do you know how it feels like you're being torn apart? Eaten alive from the inside? She hurt me, Albus; now it's time that her son knows what she has done.

"Hopefully, this time around, I can help him not to make the same mistakes his mother did."

Albus stared, open-mouthed. He had had no idea that Severus had felt that way. He hadn't known that Severus wanted to keep the boy from doing the same thing his mother had done. It was bad enough dealing with Draco's transformation.

Draco wasn't controlling his scent, so others flocked to him. Male and female alike. Albus couldn't stop him, and it made him fearful that he may sleep with another's mate. That would cause too many repercussions to even think about.

[Reviews are always appreciated]